

The Musical World.

"THE WORK OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES"—*Göthe*.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1862

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Lent Term

commences on MONDAY, the 13th of January, 1862.
Candidates for Admission must attend at the Institution for Examination by the Board of Professors, on Saturday Afternoon, the 11th January, at 2 o'clock.
By Order of the Committee of Management,
J. GIMSON, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music, Tottenham Street,
Hanover Square, December 30th, 1861.

WESTMORLAND SCHOLARSHIP.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

A SCHOLARSHIP for VOCALISTS, called the "Westmorland Scholarship" (in compliment to the late Earl of Westmorland, the founder of the Royal Academy of Music), has been established by Subscription, the first Competition for which will take place on SATURDAY, 18th January, 1862, at the Institution.

It is open to Female Candidates between the ages of Eighteen and Twenty-four years.
The amount of the Scholarship is Ten Pounds, which will be appropriated towards the cost of a year's instruction in the Academy.

Candidates' names, accompanied by the recommendation of a Subscriber to the Academy, will be received by the Secretary up to the 17th January, 1862. Certificate of Birth must be forwarded.

By Order of the Committee of Management,
J. GIMSON, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music, 4 Tottenham Street,
Hanover Square, December 31st, 1861.

Further Subscriptions towards the Funds of this Scholarship will be applied to the increase of its annual value.

Mr. Cipriani Potter, late Principal of the Institution, Hon. Treasurer, and Dr. W. Sterndale Bennett, Hon. Secretary.

Subscriptions may be paid to account of the Treasurer, at the Union Bank, Argyl Place, Regent Street, London; or will be received by the Members of the Board of Professors, viz., Messrs. Lucas, Coas, Blagrove, Macfarren, and W. Macfarren.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC

CONCERTS.—Conductor, DR. WYLDE.—The Subscribers are respectfully informed that the Eleventh Season of the Concerts will commence on April next. The dates will be shortly announced. The following Solo Artists have been engaged at these Concerts, many of whom, with others who will arrive in London, will take part in the ensuing performances:—Meadames Titiens, Borghi-Mamo, Lemmens-Sherrington, Parepa and Louisa Pyne; Signori Giuglini, Belart, Belletti and Herr Formes, &c.; Pianists—Meadames Arabell, Goddard, Schumann, Pleyel and Claus; Messrs. J. F. Barnett, Lubeck, Robertson and C. Hallé. Violinists—Herr Joachim, Viestump, Wieniawski, Henry Blagrove, Becker. Violoncellist—Piatelli.

The Subscription is for five Grand Concerts, and five Grand Public Rehearsals on the preceding Saturday Afternoon.

Terms for a Reserved Sofa-Stall (transferable), Two Guineas; other Reserved Seats, One Guinea and a Half. Professional Subscribers, One Guinea.

Subscribers of Last Season, who do not require their former Stalls reserved for them, are requested to give notice to the Hon. Secretary, to whom application for Reserved Stalls can be made; or to Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201 Regent Street, Messrs. Keith, Prowse and Co., 48 Cheapside; Mr. Austin, Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

W. GRAEFF NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec., 33 Argyle Street, W.

THE SISTERS MARCHISIO.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MR. LAND'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT. TO-DAY at 2, when the celebrated SISTERS MARCHISIO will make their Second Appearance in this country, assisted by Miss ARABELLA GODDARD, M. VIESTUMPE, M. LAMOURY, ARTHUR NAPOLEON, Mr. A. L. TAPLIN, Harmonium, and other eminent Artists.

Reserved and numbered seats, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; sofa stalls, 10s. 6d.; area, 2s.; gallery, 1s.

Tickets to be had at Austin's ticket-office, 23 Piccadilly; at Cramer, Beale and Wood's, 201 Regent Street; and at the principal Music and Booksellers.

MISS ELEANOR ARMSTRONG will give an EVEN-

ING CONCERT, at Westbourne Hall, Westbourne Grove, on THURSDAY, January 9th, when she will be assisted by the following Artists.

Vocalists: Madame LOUISA VIGNINO, Miss POOLE, Miss BRADSHAW and Miss LASCELLES; Mr. JOHN MORGAN, Mr. VIOTTI COOPER and Mr. GAD-BY. Instrumentalists: Miss CATHERINE THOMSON, Mr. RIALEMARK, and Herr LOUIS RIES. Conductors: Mr. GEORGE LANE and Mr. RIALEMARK.

Tickets 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s., to be had of Messrs. Cramer and Beale, Regent Street; Messrs. Ollivier, Bond Street; Messrs. Rolle and Son, Cheapside; and of Miss Eleanor Armstrong, 35 Osaburgh Street, Regent's Park.

MR. JOHN MORGAN will sing Balfe's popular Song,

"Fresh as a Rose," at Westbourne Hall on WEDNESDAY next.

1

MISS AUGUSTA THOMSON will RETURN to Town

on the 3rd February, after fulfilling professional Engagements in Scotland and France.

Letters addressed to 38 Welbeck Street will be duly forwarded.

MAD. NITA NORRIE will RETURN from her Pro-

vincial TOUR about the middle of this Month.

All Communications respecting Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c., to be addressed to Mr. Norrie, No. 8 Blenheim Crescent, Notting Hill, W.

HERR FORMES and HERR REICHARDT will make

their first appearance on the English Stage, at DRURY LANE THEATRE, in conjunction with MISS EMMA HEYWOOD and Mlle. JENNY BAUR, on Thursday, January 16th, when will be produced an entirely new and original Comic Opera, composed expressly for the occasion, by Mr. HOWARD GLOVER, to be entitled "ONCE TOO OFTEN."

To be followed every evening by the New Grand Fantomime

HERR FORMES will Sing "IN SHELTERED

VALE," at Mr. HOWARD GLOVER's Grand Concert, St. James's Hall, on Saturday next.

DR. BENNETT GILBERT begs to inform his Friends

and Pupils he will RETURN from the Continent on the 20th of January.

Address, Messrs. R. Cooke and Co., New Burlington Street, W., or HERR F. KISTNER, Musikhandlung, Leipzig.

MISS CAROLINE PARRY (Soprano) begs to announce

she will RETURN to Town on the 28th of January.

All Communications respecting Engagements for Oratorio or Concerts may be addressed, A. H. FAYNE, Esq., 2 Georgien-Strasse, Leipzig, or 42 Woburn Place, Russell Square, W.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing H. Hersee's new Song,

"A day too late," at the City Hall Concerts, Glasgow, January 11; at the Volunteer Artillery Concert, Town Hall, Newcastle, January 15; Literary Institute, Godalming, January 28.

For Engagements, en route, address Miss ROSE HERSEE, 2 Church Terrace, Camberwell, S.

MADAME LAURA BAXTER will Sing "THE

FAIRY'S WHISPER," composed expressly for her by HENRY SMART, at Mr. HOWARD GLOVER's Grand Concert, St. James's Hall, on Saturday next.

MR. H. C. COOPER (Violinist) begs to announce that

he has RETURNED to London, and is prepared to accept Engagements.

Address 22 Salisbury Street, Strand, W.C.

MISS ANNIE MILNER (Prima Donna), having RE-

TURNED from a Four Years' Tour in the United States, will be happy to accept Engagements for Oratorio Concerts or Opera.

Address, 22 Southampton Street, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will Sing Ascher's new

Song, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Mr. HOWARD GLOVER's Grand Concert, St. James's Hall, on Saturday next.

MR. VIOTTI COOPER, "Tenor," will sing at Miss

Eleanor Armstrong's Concert, Westbourne Hall, Thursday Evening January 9th.

MRS. JOHN HOLMAN ANDREWS has the honour

to announce that the FOURTH of a SERIES of SIX SOIREEs MUSICALES, for the practice of vocal concerted music, sacred and secular, will take place at her residence, 80 Bedford Square. After Christmas Particulars will be duly announced.

Terms at Cramer's, Regent Street; Leader's, Bond Street; and of Mrs. Andrews.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, Hanover Square

Rooms.—First Concert, January 8, 1862. Subscription, one guinea.

Addison, Hollier and Lucas, 210 Regent Street; Cramer, Beale and Wood, 201 Regent Street; Austin's ticket office, St. James's Hall; Keith, Prowse and Co., 48 Cheapside.

THE MUSIC FROM
HOWARD GLOVER'S
NEW OPERETTA,

"ONCE TOO OFTEN,"

Will be Published on the 17th of January, by
[DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244 Regent Street, W.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

"ALICE, Where Art Thou?" Romance; sung by Signor Gardoni, and written by Wellington Guernsey. Music by J. Ascher. "Mr. Ascher, whose fame as a writer of pianoforte music is European, has proved himself in 'Alice, where art thou?' as consummate an artist as a vocal writer as he is renowned as a composer for the pianoforte. The melody is graceful, flowing, and original, full of the most original feeling and thought. It has been sung by Sims Reeves, Gardoni, Mr. Tennant, Mr. Perren, Mr. Tedder, Mr. Melchor Winter, and all the leading tenors of the day. Two editions of this romance have been printed—one in B flat for ladies' voices, and the other in D flat for tenors. Altogether, we have seldom met with a composition embodying all the elements of popularity in so great a degree as M. Ascher's romance of 'Alice, who art thou?' and one that must, on its merits alone, become the most popular song of the present day."—(*Irish Times*.)

In the Press,
"ALICE," transcribed for the Pianoforte by J. ASCHER.
ditto ditto by BERNHOFF.
London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

Just Published, Price 2s. 6d.
"THE ECHO SONG," for Voice and Piano. Composed
by JULES BENEDICT.

London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

Just Published, Price 4s.
EMILE BERGER'S NEW PIANO SOLO,
"LES ECHOS DE LONDRES."

This new fantasia was composed expressly for M. Ole Bull, Herr Fornes, Mr. and Mrs. Tennant, and Miss Anna Whitty's provincial tour. It has been played by Mr. Emile Berger (as well as the transcription of Ferrari's popular serenade "Vieni, Vieni") every where with the greatest success, and has invariably been encored. "The introduction of the two popular melodies, 'Gentle Annie' and 'Dixie's Land,' was a happy idea of Mr. Berger. The audience were delighted, and the applause was so great that the talented pianist was obliged to return to the platform and repeat the fantasia, to the great delight of the audience."—*Sheffield Paper*.
London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

JUST PUBLISHED, price 2s. 6d., "LETTY LORNE."
Ballad. Written by E. M. SWINN. Composed and Sung by GEORGE PERREN.
London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

HERR REICHARDT'S NEW SONG,
"ARE THEY MEANT BUT TO DECEIVE ME?"

Mazurka-Polonaise.
The Poetry adapted by JOHN OXFORD.
Price 2s. 6d.

Sung at the Crystal Palace Concerts by HERR REICHARDT, with immense success.

The *Times* says: "Herr Reichardt, the German tenor, whose pure, classical style and fervid expression—still remembered, in spite of two years' absence—were displayed with the utmost effect in a characteristic song from his own pen, entitled 'Are they meant but to deceive me?' which exhibited more than one touch worthy the composer of that deservedly popular romance, 'Thou art so near and yet so far.'"

London: Published by Duncan Davison and Co. 244 Regent street, W.

BLUMENTHAL'S new Compositions for the PIANO-FORTE, "The days that are no more," Madame Sainton's popular song, transcribed, price 3s., and "Un petit Cadeau," Bluettes, 3s.

London: Duncan Davison and Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

"OLD MOTHER HUBBARD" QUADRILLES—For Juvenile Performers—Illustrated, 8vo. size, founded on airs in the New Pantomime at DRURY LANE, composed and arranged by J. H. TULLY. Price 3s. Lamborn Cock, Hutchings and Co. (late Leader and Cock), 62 & 63 New Bond Street.

"WILL O' THE WISP."—New Song sung in the PANTOMIME, "The House that Jack Built," at DRURY LANE, composed by J. H. TULLY. Price 2s. 6d. Lamborn Cock, Hutchings and Co. (late Leader and Cock), 62 & 63 New Bond Street.

THE DEAD MARCH in SAUL. Arranged by W. H. CALLCOTT as a Pianoforte or Organ Duet, 2s. Accompaniments for Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.), 6d. each. Select Airs composed by his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort, arranged by W. H. Calcott as Pianoforte Solos, 4s.; and Duets, 6s., with ad lib. accompaniments for Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, 1s. each. Also Selections from his late Royal Highness's Vocal Works.
C. Lonsdale, Musical Circulating Library, 26 Old Bond Street.

MR. DAVID LAMBERT (Bass Vocalist) will Sing at the "Musical Society of Bayswater" Haydn's CREATION, January 6th. Patrons—Professor S. Bennett, Cipriani Potter, Esq., Sir F. Halliday, General Willoughby, &c. Uxbridge 15; Bury (Suffolk), CREATION, 17th; and Barnard Castle, 31st, &c. Communications for Engagements to be addressed 15 Adelaide Square, Windsor, Berks.

MUSICAL DIRECTORY, REGISTRY, and ALMA-

NACK for 1862. Just Published. Contents:—365 Miniature Musical Biographies; the Addresses of Musical Professors, &c., throughout the Kingdom; the Musical Societies of London and the Provinces, with their List of Music Published in Great Britain during 1861; Advertisements of everything new and interesting in connection with Music. Price 1s. 6d., by Post 1s. 8d.

Rudall, Rose, Carte and Co., 20 Charing Cross.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

Mlle. TITIENS presents her compliments to the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD, and, in reference to a paragraph that appeared last week in his valuable journal, begs to state that there is no foundation for the report of her being engaged at Drury Lane Theatre for the coming season.

TO M. W. BALFE, Esq.

How can I praise where all have praised?
Why strive to gild a golden treasure?
It needs no feeble word of mine
To fill the already flowing measure—
In English homes—in distant climes—
Where hearts beat high, with love or duty—
Where nations mourn—or patriots arm,
His genius speaks, in strains of beauty!

His teeming brain, like bright champagne,
With sparkling fancies brimming over,
Will, like the wine, make others shine
And many a latent gem discover.
With smiles that warm, and words that charm,
He cheers, where trembling souls would falter,
And wins the love of many a heart
Time cannot change, or absence alter;
Fame adds fresh laurels to his brow
Growing with every fresh endeavour,
While hearts can feel the "Power of Love,
The name of "Balfé" must live for ever!—CLOPÉE.

A Correspondent from BRENTFORD writes:—

"Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was recently given at the Town Hall, under the auspices of the Brentford Literary Club. The soprano solos were divided between Mrs. Harriette Lee, Miss Saunders, and Miss Martin, all of whom acquitted themselves ably, especially Miss Martin, in 'Hear ye, Israel.' The contralto part was sustained entirely by Miss Palmer Lisle, who was encored in 'O rest in the Lord.' Mr. W. Evans, the tenor, was encored in 'Then shall the righteous.' Mr. Cross, besides conducting, sang the whole of the music of *Elijah*. The chorus, when we consider that they had only a piano to sustain them, are entitled to praise. Mr. Gardner was the accompanist. The Hall was crowded to the doors, and no one left till the last bar was finished."

St. PETERSBURG.—(From a Correspondent.)—According to the terms of his contract, Signor Verdi is bound to produce his new opera, *La Forza del Destino*, by the middle of January, at the latest. The libretto, written by Piave, and founded on a Spanish drama, is said to be highly interesting. The soprano parts are intended for Signore Lagrue and Fioretti; the tenor part for Tamberlik; the baritone and bass parts for Graziani, Debassini and Marini. Verdi has composed, also, some ballet music, which, should circumstances require the adoption of such a course, may be omitted without prejudice to the opera. Report speaks very favourably of this newest production of the prolific master's pen. Verdi himself says that he has made fewer concessions than is usual with him to suit the taste of the general public, but that, in this instance, he has written a work which can bear the strictest criticism.

AMSTERDAM.—C. A. Bertelsmann, founder of the *Liedertafel*, "Eutonia," which he directed for many years, died here on the 20th ult. He was born at Soest, in Westphalia, but selected Amsterdam as the field of his professional exertions. He was not only distinguished as an excellent conductor, but as a scientific musician. His compositions were greatly admired, especially his part-songs.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

December 19.

THE most important thing fallen out since my last communication, is the production of a long-promised new opera, the composition of M. Lefébure-Wély, at the Opéra Comique. It is called *Les Recruteurs*, and the libretto, which is in three acts, is the joint work of MM. de Jallais and Vulpian, names with which I am totally unacquainted, as are all whom I have consulted on the subject. If this work be the *coup-d'essai* of these gentlemen, it is mighty well for a beginning, though open in many points to critical attack. They have, in the choice of their subject, followed with literal fidelity the Horatian exhortation *Sumite materiam vestris*—the plot turning upon a supposed adventure of the celebrated dancer Vestris, or rather, one of the celebrated dancers of that name, for there were a succession of them hereditarily gifted with mercurial heels. The Vestris of the author's choice is Auguste, who, a little before the revolution of July 1830, might be seen strutting along the Boulevards Italiens, with erect spine and still elastic hams, in pumps and short pantaloons, being then upwards of fourscore years of age. Now, as the taking of Port Mahon is made to occur during the action of the piece, and while the great dancer is in his zenith, and this Auguste did not make his *début* at the opera till 1772, sixteen years after the military achievement in question, it is clear that Gaetano Vestris, the father of Auguste, would have been selected for their purpose had the authors taken the pains to consult the learned work of M. Castil Blaze, *La Danse et les Ballets depuis Baschus jusqu'à Mlle. Taglion*. Not content with one chronological blunder and historical impossibility, the librettists have committed a worse one still in making Mlle. Camargo—the celebrated *danseuse*, who came out in 1726, and retired in 1751, five years before the taking of Port Mahon—the companion of Auguste Vestris in a professional tour just before that event. However, history and the concordance of dates may be despised, and yet an interesting—aye, an immortal, dramatic work be produced, as many mightier names and eke better known than those of MM. — and — might be brought to prove. Plots are not amusing to read, and but few can convey them so pithily that the wound inflicted by their recital is scarce felt; so I, not being of the few or in the mood to emulate their levity of hand, shall abstain from narrating the story of the *Recruteurs*. Proceeding, therefore, to speak of the composer, a subject more germane to the columns of the MUSICAL WORLD, M. Lefébure de Wély is the organist *en titre* of the Madeleine. As a composer, he is hitherto known for having put forth organ music, which, if it be nothing better, is certainly queer, and piano-forte *fantasias*, which if they be nothing worse are certainly trivial. As an executant on the organ, however, he is, without dispute, excellent. With antecedents such as I have indicated, the success of this ambitious attempt to shine as a lyrical composer, is not a little surprising; but the composer has managed to introduce, without spoiling them, a number of tolerable melodies, to which may be added ballet music of a decidedly graceful character, and having avoided the cumbrous accompaniments to which he was addicted in other works, has achieved his undertaking without positive disaster.

There has been also a diminutive novelty—that is, a small novelty of little novelty—called *La Tête Enchantée*, at the Théâtre Lyrique. It is in one act, and the music is composed by M. Léon Paillard, while the words are by M. Ernest Debreuil. The subject is composed of incredibly stale materials, being of the same class as the *Poupée de Nuremberg*, in which some old fool, with a daughter or a ward, believes in magic, and is duped by a trick of the lovers. Such puerile trash as this constantly recurring denotes the imbecility and dotage of the stage ere its total extinction. It is now the slippered pantaloons with spectacles (pronounce spectacles) on nose; by and by it will be sans eyes (sans taste it has long been), sans everything.

The Grand Opera has been giving the immortal *Huguenots* with unusual éclat, M. and Mad. Gueymard being the Raoul and Valentine and M. Obin the Marcel. *Alceste* still secures an excellent house when announced, and *L'Etoile de Messine*, the new ballet, played Mondays and Fridays, has the like repletory results. The Emperor seems particularly tickled by the brilliancy of this spec-

tacle, and witnessed its performance for the third or fourth time last week. By the way you know that out of compliment to the composer of the music of this ballet, the illustrissimo Mastero Rossini was present at the grand dress rehearsal which took place on the eve of performance, and you know also that out of compliment to the great composer the overture to *Guillaume Tell* was played for him by the orchestra. Now see what a complete whole, unalterable in the minutest fibre of its composition, is a work of art to the mind of a true artist producing it—*totus teres atque rotundus*—! For years past an error of the text of this overture had crept into one of the orchestral parts; it was only one wrong note, in the violoncello part, at the thirty-seventh bar of the *andante*. But for the accidental presence of Rossini on the occasion in question this slight error—slight to all but the intellect which had, with a definite purpose, willed his work to be thus in every the minutest part and not otherwise in any the minutest part—might probably have remained undetected to the end of all time. The mould into which the great work had been cast was still in the foundry, though the furnace might be cool, and the fiery streams of molten metal would never more flow therefrom; and when, by chance, the statue is fitted once again into its matrix of mortal clay, a hitch occurs, and by the grating sound it is found that the work has sustained some trifling damage, unperceived by the most knowing connoisseurs. One is reminded of Fuseli's saying, that the Apollo Belvidere would lose its god-head by the most minute alteration in its proportions. This should teach us respect for the integrity of works of art, and make us savage against all ignorant puppies who dare to bid for a spurious fame, spawned of the breath of fools, by mauling and maiming the monuments of human genius.

Count Walweski has made up his mind that the authority he possesses over the artistic subjects of his imperial master shall not grow weak from want of use. Edict after edict comes forth to tell of his care for the interests of art. They are not always as intelligible in their purport as that which he has last issued, and which enjoins that at the Imperial Opera every part in the *répertoire* shall be "doubled" and "under-studied," as the technical expression is. In the case so frequently occurring of sudden indisposition, there will thus be no interruption to the ordained course of business. Such a measure is perhaps the most efficacious preventive remedy for some of the most obstinate maladies of principal vocalists that could have been devised.

The blunders of journalists would make a big book, as big as would the inaccuracies of Mr. Bright. There have occurred lately two in Paris papers sufficiently staggering to find a place in any such record. A musical journal, the other day, announced that a new tenor, M. Braun, under the name of Brini, had made his *début* at the *Italiens*, in the somewhat subordinate part of Pollione in *Norma*. The fact being, that the new tenor has not made his appearance yet in that, or even any other less unlikely part, and that *Norma* has never been played at all. The other trifling inaccuracy appears in a paper not specially devoted to music, and consists in an elaborate paragraph, recording the first appearance of Mlle. Guerra in *Rigoletto*, and discriminatingly criticising her performance on the occasion. Both articles are attributable to oversight; or that sort of second-sight which sees over intervening events to a yet distant future. These paragraphs, which seem false now need only be kept back till the events they refer to have actually come to pass, and they will be perfectly true, no doubt, as true as most paragraphs which come out in a more timely or timeous fashion. Whether they precede or follow the fact recorded, it is too often with their mind's eye that the historians of daily events have qualified themselves as witnesses.

A WEST HAM SCHOOLMASTER "ABROAD."—The *South-Eastern Times* of the 21st inst., states, that "at a recent meeting of the West Ham board of guardians (Dec. 12), the Rev. Thomas Parry, M.A., in the chair, the schoolmaster reported that a number of boys and girls belonging to the schools had for some time been learning glees, part-songs, &c., and asked permission of the board to allow the children to give a concert at Rockyby House. The board refused compliance, and thought the children might have been better employed in some industrial occupation; they, however, exonerated the master from all blame." Mr. Punch will probably sniff the matter ere long.

GLUCK IN PARIS.

(From the "Revue et Gazette Musicale.")

Æsor being one day asked by some one who met him in the street whither he was going, replied, "I cannot tell," and the said some one there and then sending him to prison proved the perfect correctness of the reply. There is not the slightest analogy between the Greek fabulist and the German musician, unless, indeed, it be that several times in his life Gluck had seen himself on the point of going to Paris and then obliged to go somewhere else.

Once, in the April of 1763, Gluck was getting into a post-chaise in Bologna in order to realise the notion of this happy journey, the object of his ambition and his desires, when the fire which broke out at the Opera (April 6, 1763), put an end to the excursion. In the same letter he was informed by Count Durazzo of the fatal event and of his recall to Vienna; and he had to resign himself to his fate. The following year the plan was again entertained, but was not more fortunate in its issue. It was written that Gluck should not come to Paris until ten years after this, in 1771, and that he would start off there, not as he had contemplated at first by the production of small operas of a playful and anacreontic character, but by a grand and serious work, animated by the spirit of the antique muse of tragedy.

Men of genius are not exempt from illusions with respect to themselves, nor is it unusual to see them advancing towards the end in view like simple mortals by indirect paths. Who in the present day would believe that Gluck for a long time wasted his energies in writing operettas worthy of the Bouffes Parisiens of his time, and that M. Favart, author of *La Chercheuse d'Esprit*, who supplied him with several subjects, believed he might monopolise him as a collaborator, after having introduced him upon our lyric stage?

Yet nothing can be more positive, as may be inferred by a few lines in a letter of the same Count Durazzo who was then managing the Vienna theatre in the name of the Empress Maria Theresa, and who had pitched upon Favart as his correspondent and plenipotentiary in Paris. Gluck had not written as yet either *Orfeo* or his *Alceste*; but as early as 1741 he had become known by his *Artaserse*, performed at Milan, and composed to a libretto of Metastasio. In the course of the following years he had produced *Demofonte* in the same city, and *Demetrio and Ipermestra* in Venice. Among other works of his in this interval are to be found the *Caduta dei Giganti*, played in London in 1745; *Telemaco* in 1750 in Rome; and *La Clemenza di Tito* in 1751 in Naples. At Count Durazzo's accession to the management of the Imperial Theatre in 1754, Gluck was appointed musical director, with a salary of 2000 florins, and it will be seen what constituted a part of his duties in that post.

The letter in question addressed to Favart by the Count, is dated December 20, 1759, and in it occurs the following:—"When M. Favart shall have written a new comic opera, although it be intended for Paris, let not this prevent his sending it to Vienna. Count Durazzo will have music set to it by the Chevalier Gluck, or other skilful composers, who will be charmed to work upon such pretty verses. The poet and the musician will thus extend their reputations by a reciprocal aid, and will doubly profit by working one for the other, and M. Favart, without any cost to himself, will have new music according to his wishes." It was a seductive offer, and accordingly Favart lost no time in taking advantage of it. By the following January he had despatched to Vienna two poems, the offspring of his pen, joined to that of the Abbé Voisenon. The Count had sketched out a sort of programme, setting forth the conditions imposed by the taste and habits of the court of Vienna, and he had submitted to them with docility. "I have examined," he wrote, "and caused to be executed, *Cythère Assiégée* and *l'Ile de Merlin*, and I find nothing to be desired in point of expression, taste, and harmony, and even as regards French prosody. I should be flattered if M. Gluck would exercise his talents on my works, and to him their success would be due." An entirely false prediction! Gluck composed the music of these two operas, of which one was performed at Schoenbrunn, in 1758, and the other in Vienna, in 1762. *L'Arbre Enchanté* and *Cythère Assiégée* were played in 1775 at the Opera in Paris, in the interval between *Orphée* and *Alceste*, but without any success. All that came of

Cythère Assiégée was that people said *Hercules wielded his club better than the distaff*.

Favart was therefore mistaken in his hopes and his calculations, but he trusted to the opinion of Count Durazzo, who seemed only to see in Gluck a composer of comic opera, and to condemn him to this employment for life. At the time of the intended journey, which was broken off by the fire at the Opera, Favart was reckoning with certainty on having Gluck as a guest. "Monseigneur Durazzo," he wrote to him, "informs me that you are coming to Paris in the course of this month. It is impossible that any lover of talent should be ignorant of your reputation. I have not the honour of knowing you personally, but I have always desired this advantage. May I flatter myself with the thought that you will respond to my eager desire? Yes, I dare hope as much from the consideration in which I have always held your merit. For this reason I reckon on your accepting no other quarters than at my house. I have in my house a furnished apartment to offer you; you will find in it a harpsichord and other instruments, a garden and entire liberty; that is to say, you will do exactly as though you were at home, and shall see nobody but those you choose. Although situated in one of the noisiest quarters of Paris, our house, standing between a court-yard and a garden, is in a kind of solitude, in which you can work as quietly as in the country. If I am fortunate enough, Monsieur, to persuade you to accept this offer, I beg that you will advise me of the day of your arrival. My address is Rue Mauconseil, near the Comédie Italienne, opposite the great gate of the cloister of St. Jacques de l'Hôpital. I have the honour to remain, with all the respect due to talent," &c., &c.

Besides the close relations brought about by fellow-workmanship, the composer and the poet were further drawn together by another bond, the engraving of *Orfeo*, performed at Vienna about 1762, and which, at the request of Count Durazzo, Favart had undertaken to get published in Paris. "Thanks to M. Phillidor," says a letter addressed to the Count, "we are proceeding with the engraving of *Orphée*. I have made known to your Excellency that this celebrated musician, a great admirer of the talents of M. Gluck, had declared himself a patron of that work, and is ambitious for the honour of being its sponsor." In spite of the patronage of Phillidor, and of the admiration for it which he shared with his compeer, Mondonville, the score of *Orfeo* was so little sought after, that in 1767 there had not been sold four copies of it. Favart had at last taken the matter into his own hands, and on the 30th of April, 1770, the Count wrote: "Let me know if you have succeeded in turning the edition of *Orphée* to any account, for I have no intention that you have, as the Italians say, *la pene ed il malanno*."

Gluck, therefore, much against his desire, remained in Vienna, and continued to write while there what his biographer Schmid calls "new airs" for various comic operas: among others *L'Ivrogne Corrigée*, *Le Cadi Dupé*, *On ne s'avise jamais de tout*, *La Rencontre Imprévue*, which was also entitled *Les Pèlerins de la Mecque*, &c. This occupation, which engaged his time for more than ten years, was relieved occasionally by the production of more serious works, such as *Orfeo*, *Alceste*, and *Iphigénie en Aulide*. At last the Archduchess Marie Antoinette, his former pupil, having married the heir to the throne of France, Gluck saw every obstacle to his journey to Paris removed, and left Vienna in the autumn of 1773, to look after the performance of his *Iphigénie*, which Du Rollet, the author of the poem, had offered to the Opera as early as August in the preceding year.

Iphigénie en Aulide was represented for the first time on the 19th of April, 1774, only twenty-one days after the death of Louis XV. and the accession of Marie Antoinette. *Orphée*, translated into French, was played in Paris in the course of the same year. *L'Arbre Enchanté* and *Cythère Assiégée* appeared the year following.

Alceste was produced in 1776, and *Armide* in 1777. *Iphigénie en Tauride* was not forthcoming till two years later, and the same year Gluck produced *Echo de Narcisse*, which made but little impression, but admirable fragments of which are still sung.

Such is an exact account of the works produced by Gluck in a city which he had only reached with as much time and trouble as it cost the Greeks to capture Troy—*tanta molis erat*. Chance is so

paltry a power, that it is repugnant to admit that it can ever be a necessary auxiliary to men superior in genius and talent to their fellows. If Gluck had not given music lessons to the Archduchess Marie Antoinette, would his *Iphigénie en Aulide* have ever been performed? Should we have been inevitably deprived of the latest of his *chefs-d'œuvre*? At any rate, it is certain that the great composer had no time to lose, and that the protection of the amiable dauphine came at a very timely moment. A musical revolution ushered in a reign which was to terminate in a revolution of a very different kind.

The biographer, Antony Schmid, relates that during his last stay in Paris, Gluck, who was already in his sixty-fifth year, happened to meet Piccini in a certain company, the latter being his junior by some fourteen years. The conversation turned on music and operas, and some one asked Gluck how many he had written. "Not many," he replied. "I do not think I have written twenty" (he only reckoned his principal works), "and that even with infinite pains and exertion."

The other composer, without waiting till the question was asked him, exclaimed: "I have composed more than a hundred, but I must confess without the least trouble." Gluck, stooping instantly down, said in his ear, "You ought not to say so, my dear friend."

THE SISTERS MARCHISIO.

THESE celebrated singers, of whose continental achievements the readers of the *MUSICAL WORLD* have heard such glowing accounts from time to time from our foreign correspondents, made their first appearance in England on Thursday night, in St. James's Hall, at a concert given under the direction of Mr. Land. As a second concert is to be given this afternoon, at which the Miles Marchisio will sing, we may reserve our own opinion until next week. Meanwhile a fair idea of the effect they produced upon the audience on Thursday night may be conveyed through the medium of a few extracts from the notices of our morning contemporaries. To begin with the *Daily News*. After an interesting preliminary, which it is unnecessary to quote here, our contemporary thus comments upon the new comers:—

"The sisters Marchisio have shown themselves completely worthy of their splendid reputation, and more than realised the highest anticipations. Their first performance was the famous duet, 'Ebben' a te, ferisci,' the piece which first excited the enthusiasm of the Parisian public. It is, perhaps, the greatest duet Rossini has written; and it has this remarkable advantage, that while it is highly dramatic, and paints with exquisite truth and force a situation of the most tragic interest, its musical beauties are so great—its long, flowing melodic periods, and the delicate combinations of the two vocal parts, so exquisite, that it suffers less from the absence of theatrical accessories than any other dramatic duet with which we are acquainted. Its performance was all that has been described by the warmest continental critics. It is well known that Rossini himself, sated with music and with fame, was excited by curiosity to hear the young performers, and so charmed with their talent that he took the greatest pleasure in listening to them as they sang the whole of their parts in the most magnificent of his operas, and in giving them his valuable counsels—counsels which are very apparent in the exquisite taste and purity displayed in their every phrase. We cannot pretend to give any idea of their singing. It beggars description, and must be heard in order to form a notion of the perfection to which duet-singing may be carried. The two voices, though of different registers, are of kindred quality; they are equally sweet, equally rich, equally true in intonation—equally lovely, in short, and hence blend together as no two voices have done that we have heard before. They have a *pianissimo*, the beauty of which cannot even be imagined—a stream of harmony so soft that it seems to be felt rather than heard, while its thrilling effect is like that of the 'dying falls' of the Eolian harp. But we are trying to describe what is indescribable. Let our readers hear for themselves this transcendent, this incomparable singing."

From *The Morning Post* we extract the subjoined:—

"None present could have been in the least disappointed by the performances of the famous sisters, and for our own part we must confess that they quite exceeded our expectations, knowing how much 'effect' may sometimes be made upon the public without that sterling merit which alone constitutes the genuine artist. The sisters Marchisio have splendid voices, are thoroughly well-educated singers of the best school,

and thoroughly proficient in that school. In the music of Rossini, judging from their magnificent execution of two duets ('Ebben' a te, ferisci' and 'Matilda, non morrai'), we should say that, with the exception of Madame Alboni, they stand unrivalled; and certainly no higher eulogium than this could possibly be passed upon any singer who aims at strictly musical beauty rather than declamatory excellence. But if the sisters Marchisio display such extraordinary ability as entitles them to the highest artistic rank, still more remarkable, quite incomparable indeed, is their *ensemble* singing. Two Albonis would be required to do what they accomplish, and those two must also be sisters, otherwise how could their voices blend together with such oneness of tone and such perfectly sympathetic feeling? The immense sensation created by the sisters Marchisio warrants the conviction that they are two of the greatest artists ever heard in this country."

From a long and elaborate report in *The Morning Herald*, we take the following:—

"The introductory essay of the sisters Marchisio was the grand duet, 'Ebben' a te, ferisci,' which exhibited to perfection their style and powers. Mlle. Barbara, the contralto, is perhaps entitled to precedence. Her voice is rich, voluminous, round, powerful, and of great flexibility. Dramatic fire is apparent throughout her singing, and her expression is at once varied and intense. The voice of Mlle. Carlotta is a high brilliant soprano, extremely telling and of fine quality. Both voices have been trained to the highest state of finish, and the manner in which they are made to blend together is really astonishing. In point of perfection, indeed, we can compare the duet singing to nothing but playing on a double flageolet. The sensation produced in the duet from *Semiramide* was universal. Each singer in her solos was frequently interrupted by bursts of applause, and the famous *ensemble*, 'Giorno d'orrore,' created a furor. Nor did the excitement abate when the fair sisters sang the brilliant duet from *Matilda di Shabran*, which, if anything, elicited louder and more continuous applause. They also sang a duettino by Gabussi—a trifle, but rendered to absolute perfection; and joined in the settee from *Don Giovanni*. In fine, a more signal triumph we have not witnessed for years in the concert-room, and there is no doubt but that the sisters Marchisio promise to become the vocal *lionnes* of the season."

The *Daily Telegraph*, after a careful historical preface, thus enters on the critical part of the question:—

"The *débutantes* both give evidence of having been carefully trained in the school of Italian singing, as it was taught and practised when Rossini wrote. Mlle. Carlotta's voice is a soprano of considerable compass, and of great power, metallic resonance, and brilliancy. Her execution of the difficult passages which abound in both the operatic duets left absolutely nothing to desire; and the sole blemish we could discover—namely, a very slight harshness in some of her notes—may fairly be attributed to the nervousness which all singers, however well assured their positions, must inevitably experience on their first appearance in a strange country, and which is quite sufficient to prevent them from exercising perfect control over their powers. Mlle. Barbara, it is true, betrayed no perceptible nervousness, and with her performance we cannot find the shadow of a fault. Her voice is a genuine and rich contralto of singularly sympathetic quality, of remarkable extent, and more completely uniform in tone throughout its entire compass than that of any singer we can call to mind. Her execution is quite as highly finished as her sister's, while real artistic feeling and refined taste are observable in every phrase. But it is in singing together that the sisters appear to most conspicuous advantage, and in this respect they are simply unrivalled. Certainly in our experience we have never listened to *ensemble* singing that could be at all compared with it. In the most delicate *diminuendo* and *crescendo* passages, in the delivery of *staccato* as well as of sustained notes, the two voices sounded as though they proceeded from one throat, such absolute concord existed between the singers. The famous 'Giorno d'orrore' exhibited this quality to eminent advantage, the light accompaniment leaving freest scope for the voices; but in the second duet (from *Matilda di Shabran*) and in Gabussi's 'Le Zingare,' the extraordinary refinement of the ladies' *ensemble* singing was still remarkably apparent."

From the *Morning Star* a brief extract must suffice:—

"The sisters' were warmly welcomed, and their wonderful singing was applauded in a most enthusiastic manner. All who heard the duet between *Semiramide* and *Arsace* will echo the praises which have been lavished on their *ensemble* performance, by the French critics. Never was Rossini's music more beautifully rendered, and never was duet singing so perfect. Mlle. Carlotta is a pure soprano, and Mlle. Barbara a fine contralto. The two voices are highly cultivated, and

blend together as only the voices of sisters can. In the duet from *Matilda di Shabran* they were equally effective, and murmurs of applause were audible towards the close of each brilliant passage."

The *Times* writes as subjoined:—

"The sisters Carlotta and Barbara Marchisio, about whose duet-singing fame has recently been so eloquent in Italy, Germany, and France, who have won laurels at the great lyric theatres of Venice, Berlin, and Paris, and been honoured by the special and distinguished approval of Rossini, appeared last night for the first time in this country at 'a grand evening orchestral concert,' organised by Mr. Land, the zealous and intelligent director of the London Glee and Madrigal Society. Although the programme, which brought so large an assembly of amateurs to St. James's Hall, was otherwise rich in attractions, both vocal and instrumental, the chief interest naturally centred in the two young strangers whom musical London has long been anxious to hear. Their reception was in the highest degree encouraging, and their success unequivocal. While report is unanimous in stating that the sisters Marchisio are entitled to the favourable consideration of judges as solo performers, their renown having been principally earned by their duet-singing, Mr. Land, perhaps, acted judiciously in confining their share of last night's concert to pieces in which their talents were simultaneously employed. Two of the most elaborate and magnificent of the operatic duets of Rossini—'Ebben' a te, ferisci' (*Semiramide*), and 'No, Matilde; non morrai' (*Matilda di Shabran*)—together with Gabussi's pretty duettino, 'Le Zingare,' were set down for them; and in each and all of these they raised the enthusiasm of their hearers. Both voices are good—that of Mlle. Carlotta a clear and powerful 'mezzo-soprano,' that of Mlle. Barbara a 'contralto' of fine quality and extended compass. In solo passages their execution is rather noticeable for vigour, 'dash,' and brilliancy than for extraordinary finish; but its 'effect' is undeniable. On the other hand, in passages where the voices are combined, they blend delightfully together, and a precision, light and shade, and variety of expression are obtained, approaching very nearly the perfection of art. Thus, in the duet from *Semiramide*, the well-known 'Giorno d'orrore,' and in that from *Matilda*, the less familiar though hardly less beautiful 'Vanne, o caro, a te m'affido,' might fairly be admitted to represent the *beau idéal* of duet-singing. Here the gradations were as skilfully managed as the sentiment was glowing and the consentaneity unerring. The irreproachable delicacy with which these exquisite slow movements were delivered, brought out the fire and animation of what came before and after, notwithstanding its comparative lack of refinement, in all the more striking relief; so that the entire performance of each duet left an impression as vivid as it was satisfactory. There was no mistaking, indeed, the genuine character of the applause that thundered forth at the conclusion from every part of the hall, adding the hearty approval of 'John Bull' to the flattering verdicts of the Continent. After these grand displays, the duettino of Gabussi was of little moment; nevertheless, it was so admirably rendered that the audience would gladly have listened to it again."

At the morning concert, to-day, the sisters are announced to repeat the "Giorno d'orrore;" but the other duets will be new.

AMINA AND THE MILL-WHEEL.

WHEN some one asked Byron whether he did not find the acting of Miss Kelly in the *Maid and the Magpie* deeply true to nature, Child Harold replied: "I don't know. I was never innocent of stealing a silver spoon." But, in spite of the sharp saying, the story of the girl of Palaiseau, falsely accused of theft, and saved by an extraordinary accident, still lives on the European stage; so, in this country, does the memory of the cordial and pathetic actress with whom the drama is associated.

More powerful still to move, more universal to charm, is the story of the peasant girl who saved her good fame by walking in her sleep over the mill-wheel. Some such exploit, no doubt, has been really told and believed somewhere as a thing which once happened; and the tale has spread from one country to another, even as the tale of the traveller who fainted dead on seeing by morning light the broken bridge he had safely ridden over in the dark—what shall we say?—as all real stories do. Let the true origin and locality of the transaction be suggested as a matter of shrewd investigation and amicable quarrel to those who make "Notes" on "Queries," seeing that, now-a-days, the business of criticism is to prove that everything must have been something else. The *Marseillaise* Hymn, one Herr Hamma assures us, is a barefaced plagiarism by the Dibdin of France, Rouget de Lisle, from the "Credo" of a dry German mass, written for an obscure village town in a corner of the Lake of Constance, with which

town on the lake, of course, and with its manuscript mass-music, the Parisian vagabond man of letters could not fail to be as familiar as if Meersburg was Montmartre or Montmorency.

Be these things as they may, our anecdote of the sleep-walker was dressed up in the form of ballet some thirty-five years ago, by M. Scribe. As a French ballet, *La Sonnambula* had not a long success. The Italians prefer for their ballets incidents, which admit of strong and mute action. The French are not thus constructed. There is small space to dance upon in the story of the peasant girl, who, by perilling her neck over the old mill-wheel, cleared herself from her lover's jealous suspicions. But there is room in it for passionate and pathetic gesture; and the incidents are not crowded so closely together as they are in other dramatised ballets, such as the *Sylph* and the *Gipsy*, both of which (no offence to the music of Mr. Barnett and of Mr. Balfe) made bad opera books. Thus it fell out that in 1829, or thereabouts, a gentle and graceful young Sicilian composer, Bellini, chose this subject for music. From his first outset in art—unable to compete with Rossini in versatile richness of melody, he conceived the idea of devoting himself to dramas of greater pathos, force, and feeling, than those which had been taken hold of, with a carelessness savouring of arrogance, by his predecessor. Further, Bellini had to write for the greatest actress who had yet trodden the opera stage. For Pasta, when in the prime of her power, was *La Sonnambula* written. But the noble and gifted woman, whose Norma, Semiramis, Medea, Anne Boleyn, were creations each differing from each in its regal pomp and majesty, could hardly look the part of Amina; and though Pasta acted it, as she did everything she touched, consummately, the delicacy of the music and the compass of its melodies were calculated to betray the peculiar defects of her voice, which, never agreeable by nature, was always liable to be out of tune. Amina, then, was one of Pasta's less fortunate impersonations. She placed it on the stage, however, and with it, as with all her other characters, a host of those traditions and suggestions which have been invaluable to all destined to succeed her. The influence of Pasta, to name one instance distinctly to be traced, throughout the long and glorious career of Mad. Grisi, has never died out, in spite of the notoriously ephemeral duration of singers' influences.

If Pasta brought *La Sonnambula* to the Italian stage, Malibran popularised the music and the legend in England. The critics of Pasta's day, who had not even then thoroughly recognised Rossini, being strong in the convenient and national mania of liking as few things in art as possible, would not hear the pleasant freshness and simplicity of Bellini's music; they denounced it as weak and trifling. But how astonishingly were the Italian words "done into English!" Of many similar versions, the book of *La Sonnambula* is the most absurd perversion. That wonderful explanatory couplet which occurs just before the closing scene,

"And this, sir, you must know, though remarkable it seems,
That sonnambulists they're called, because of walking in their dreams,"

is only a sample of the entire book. Then, Malibran was badly supported on the English stage. Peace to the memory of her ungainly middle-aged opera-lover, with a poor voice through his nose, whom she drove about the stage like a whirlwind, and whom, by her vehemence of action, she absolutely made seem to act! No matter. A pathetic drama, wholly conducted in music and acted with energy, was new to English playgoers; and there were an exuberance of fire and of feeling in Malibran's acting, a daring and a passion in her singing, which, while she was before us, entirely carried off her extravagances. Never has opera-queen, singing English, transported her subjects as she did. Hers, however, was no Swiss Amina, but a southern peasant, with a brilliancy in her delight and a reckless abandonment in her hour of distress, that gave the part an intensity of colour, and a sharpness of contrast, neither "calm nor classical," which seized us with a resistless fascination. In the chamber scene, where the sleeping girl unconsciously enters with the light, Malibran was not equal to other Aminas, who have held us fast to the situation by their ghostly quietness. Her despair, in the instant of her detection and abandonment by her deceived lover, was terrible. She would not let him leave her; clung to him, pursued him, twined herself round him, and could only be flung loose to endure her agony when the strength of her misery would avail her no more, and she was left and broken (it seemed) for ever. Then the walk over the mill-wheel, which vindicates the heroine's virtue, was protracted by her with almost a cruel relish. She did her best to terrify her faithless lover into the keenest spasm of fear and remorse, as though sleep had brought with it the counsel of heartily punishing him for his suspicions. All this was to lead to that burst of ecstasy with which she flung herself into his arms in the "frantic certainty of waking bliss." The final rondo (one of the happiest ex-

pressions of joy ever poured forth in music) was not so much sung by Malibran, though in it she heaped vocal change on change, triumph on triumph, as thrown out in the irresistible abundance of a new buoyant delight and relief. London was never tired of Malibran's Amina; nor even when she had grasped "the town" by another remarkable personation, totally different, that of the devoted prisoner's wife in Beethoven's *Fidelio*, could the one success efface the other. There must have been something true and permanent in the peasant story and the despised Italian music, after all.

The next Amina on the long list who is worth remembering, for qualities entirely different from those of the gifted and fervid Spanish woman of genius—was Persiani; Grisi having, in the interval, attempted the opera and laid it aside. She was never beautiful, she can have never looked young, she in no respect showed herself a great actress; as a singer, she had been born with an ungracious though ready voice (a "bitter voice," Mendelssohn called it), a voice always more or less false; nevertheless, considering the part musically, Persiani was the best Amina among all the Aminas who have been heard here. This, not only because she was accustomed to the power of working every phrase and note of the music to its remotest corner, leaving nothing for the apprehension to desire in point of skill; not only because her command over the graces and resources of ornament was limitless, but from a certain conception of the sentiment of the situations in the story, which stood her in stead of apparent freshness or originality, whether studied or instinctive. Great singers among her comrades, tired, and in their great coats, ready to go home or to go out to supper, might be seen waiting in "the wing" till she had sung the final rondo. Persiani's version of that air lives among the most complete of musical satisfactions recollected. Its fascination was strong enough to enthrall even such opera-goers (their name is Legion) as care only for a pretty voice or a pretty woman. The conquest told much to "the score" of Persiani, something, not less real, to the story on which was built the score of Bellini.

Next came an English Amina, not merely an Amina in English, competent in right of natural dramatic genius, powers acquired for its expression, to compete with any of the Italian singers at any time,—the last of the great Kemble race. Here again, however, as in Pasta's case, nature had set her face against the Maid on the Mill-wheel. Form and features were opposed to the attempt. There was a certain heaviness in the quality of Miss Kemble's voice which has nothing to do with dramatic versatility. Those laugh the best on the stage who can cry the best. Pasta's smile was as glorious and natural as her sorrow was subduing, as her wrath was appalling; but the smile was on the noble and serious features of the Muse of Tragedy; and the many are apt to read such smiles as mere grimaces. Miss Kemble's Amina, admirable in many respects, was the least admirable among the few parts played by her during her bright and brief career on the English opera stage.

Writers of musical history will find a wondrous theme in the story of the next Amina, the Swedish lady, who, on our Italian stage, made play-going London, whether grave or gay, madder than London has been made mad since the opera days when (as Byron said in his stinging lines) crowds jammed into the pit, country ladies fainted and were carried out, and dandies were civilly rude to the same provincial females, in the eagerness of their worship of (*sic* in Byron) "Catalini's pantaloons." How the Lind-fever was begotten, how nourished, on what basis the excitement rested, are so many facts of no importance to this sketch. That it lured scrupulous divines out of their churches, that it threatened, for a nine months' wonder, the whole rival dynasty of opera with revolution, shame, and overthrow, are truths which have nothing to do with the real musical genius of an artist, even of genius as singular, as successful as she was. Without doubt, Mlle. Jenny Lind, with her large and speaking eyes and her clustering fair hair, will be remembered as the type of the Swiss peasant-girl, real and rustic, in all her simplicity and sincerity. Her northern voice, too, was admirably suited to Bellini's music; the power which she possessed of drawing out its tones to any required strength and softness, made her more fit to present what may be called the ventriloquism of the sleep-walking scenes than any one before her or since. She could act further, just to the point of sorrow and gentle woe which the situations of the tale demand. She could take, moreover (this was less fair), what was not her own, in the fulness of her determination to "have and to hold" her audience. In the chamber scene of her detection, by way of showing the splendour of her upper notes, she quietly appropriated the music of her lover's part, choosing to dominate in the moment of her disgrace and suspense, rather than to be struck down by them. This usurpation passed undiscovered. It was in some measure redeemed by the extreme and touching beauty of her second sleep-walking scene, just ere Amina wakens. Nothing more carefully devised

than this, nothing in the art which conceals art is seconded by congenial nature, could be conceived. The soft, sad, slow notes seemed to flow from lips as totally unconscious as were the fingers which let slip the flowers, that poor, battered, treasured token-rose, last forlorn relic of Amina's betrothal (her token ring having been reft from her). There was a wondrous fascination in that musical scene, not wholly belonging to the singer, nor to her looks, nor to her voice, but in part, too, to the story and to the music. In the last joyous outbreak which follows this dream, Mlle. Jenny Lind was inferior as a singer to Persiani, and as an actress-and-singer-in-one to Malibran.

Next came Malibran's younger sister, one of the greatest artists of any time, happily still living to show the world how genius can be lord of all, when the expression of a dramatist's thought, or the representation of a musician's ideas, are in question. Her Amina was remarkable, not for its musical treatment (because consummate art is, in music, synonymous with the name of Viardot), not for her voice, not for her pleasant demeanour (infinitely simpler and less feverish than her sister's), but because of the wondrous deadness of the sleep thrown by her into the scenes of the girl who had to walk over the mill-wheel to clear herself. Without Lind's long respiration, without rare beauty of tone—with something by nature quick and impulsive in her southern composition—Viardot worked out another corner (till then unexplored) of Bellini's opera.

There may be twenty (for aught the Sybils know) new renderings of the hopes and fears of the singing sleep-walkers to come. Ere we name the last and youngest, it should be told that Sontag, too, after breaking her twenty years' silence, was tempted by the tale and the music on her return to the stage; too late, as it proved, though her excellent tact always bore her above failure—that the genial Alboni was fascinated into forgetting every disqualification of voice and figure, in the hope of making so favourite a part her prize. A vain fancy! Not even her beautiful, full, languid contralto tones, and her faultless execution, could carry the enterprise through. It was more curious than exciting to see with what solid and demure carefulness she braved the ordeal of the perilous walk above the wheel, holding steadily on to the projecting rail of wire which no eyes are expected to recognise, and relieved apparently when the *terra firma* of the stage was once more under her feet. Amina was no more possible for her to conquer than the Sylph who distracted her lover by her aerial exits up the chimney, or her gambols from flower to flower, would have been. What spell is there that will defend singing women and playing men against the disappointment of such mistakes? When will the Listons cease from wearying to be Orlando and Romeos?

And now—at this time present, though it might have been fancied that all the changes conceivable would have been rung on Bellini's present opera—when half a dozen musical dramas, fifteen years more recent, prodigious and terrifying, have become stale, past the power of the most wondrous genius to revive them—has come the youngest Amina of all, though assuredly not the most gifted—and at once, and without a single note of prelude or preliminary trumpet, has stirred up the tired town to an enthusiasm recalling the days when Malibran tottered across the stage in haste and frantic grief, and when Lind (with an Ophelia touch in the thought) breathed out her whole soul of sadness over the flowers, as, leaf by leaf, they mournfully dropped on the stage. Born in Madrid, Italian by parentage, trained exclusively in America, Mlle. Adelina Patti, on her first evening's appearance at our Italian Opera—nay, in her first song—possessed herself of her audience with a sudden victory which has scarcely a parallel, the circumstances considered. Old and young are now treating as conspiracy and treason any looking back to past Aminas—any comparisons. This new singer, in her early girlhood, is (for them) already a perfect artist—one who is to set Europe on fire during the many years to which it may be hoped her career will extend. Nor is their delight altogether baseless. Mlle. Patti's voice has been carefully and completely trained. Those who fail to find it as fresh in tone as a voice aged nineteen should be, must be struck by its compass, by the certainty in its delivery, by some quality in it (not to be reasoned out or defined) which has more of the artist than the automaton. She has a rare amount of brilliancy and flexibility. She has some "notions" (as the Americans have it) of ornament and fancy which are her own, if they be not unimpeachable, say the Dryasdusts, in point of taste. If not beautiful, she is pleasing to see; if not a Pasta, a Malibran, or a Lind in action, she is possessed with her story. There is nothing to displease, if not much to move, in her version of the sorrow so mysteriously caused—of the joy which poetical justice has laid out so incomparably for a felicity-rondo to close a sentimental opera. For the moment, the newest Amina has the ear of London; in the future, Mlle. Patti may become worthy of having her name written in the golden book of great singers. Meanwhile, what a tale is here told, not merely of her great and welcome promise, not merely of her pos-

essing that talent for success—charm—which is born into few persons, and which cannot be bought or taught, but of the lasting truth and attraction of the music to which Bellini set the story of the innocent girl who walked across the mill-wheel in her sleep! The moral should not be lost on composers of music to come, nor on those who dream of stories for stage-musicians to compose. — *All the Year Round*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY.—Next week.
MUSICUS.—We have no means of knowing.

DRURY LANE THEATRE-ROYAL.

LESSEE—MR. E. T. SMITH.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE of the PANTOMIME every Wednesday at Two o'clock.

On Monday, January 6th, and every Evening during the week, Her Majesty's Servants will perform the popular farce, by J. B. Buckstone, Esq., entitled

AN ALARMING SACRIFICE:

Bob Ticket, Mr. Atkins; Pugwash, Mr. Barsby; Mr. Skinner, Mr. Hope; Susan Sweetapple, Miss Kealey; Miss Wadd, Miss Stuart; Miss Tibbit, Miss Bland; Miss Gimp, Miss Harleur; Deborah, Mrs. Downton. After which will be produced, with that attention to completeness in every department by which the Christmas Annals of this Theatre have been so pre-eminently distinguished, the New Grand Comic Pantomime, entitled

Harlequin and the House that Jack Built;
OR, OLD MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER WONDERFUL DOG.

"If a man do build a dwelling upon common land from sunset to sunrise, and enclose a piece of ground, wherein there shall be a tree, a beast feeding, a fire kindled, a chimney smoking, and provision in the pot, such dwelling shall be freely held by the builder, anything herein to the contrary nevertheless notwithstanding."—*Old Forest Charter*.

The novel effects and splendour of scenery by William Beverley, assisted by Messrs. C. Pitt, Craven, Brew, &c. Masks, symbolic devices, personal appointments, and designs for the costumes by the celebrated Dykwykyn. The overture and music composed and arranged by Mr. J. H. Tully. The machinery by Mr. Tucker and assistants. The tricks, properties, changes, and transformations by Mr. Needham, assisted by Messrs. Glinton, H. Adams, H. Langham, &c. The Costumes by Miss Dickinson, Mr. Lauri, and Mr. Palmer. The Gas Appointments by Mr. Hinckley. The Choreographic Arrangements by Mr. Cormack. The Harlequinade and Comic Scenes by Messrs. Cormack and B. Jones. The Flowers supplied by Himmel's process. The Grotesque Burlesque Opening invented and written by E. L. Blanchard. And the whole arranged and produced under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Robert Roxby.

Harlequins, Messrs. Cormack and St. Maine; Columbine, the Misses Gunniss; Pantalons, Messrs. G. Tanner and Morley; Clowns, Messrs. Forrest and Huine; Grotesque, Signor Lorenzo; 1861-62, Mr. Stitt. Sprites, by the Ridgways and Suwell Family.

Doors open at half-past 6, to commence at 7 o'clock.
Tickets for boxes, pit, and galleries may be had at the box-office before the opening.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

Regent Street and Piccadilly.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE Sixth Concert of the Fourth Season (70th Concert in St. James's Hall) will take place on Monday Evening, January 13, 1862, on which occasion Signor Piatti, Mons. Sainton, and Madame Sainton-Dolby will make their first appearances.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in E minor, Op. 45, for Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (Spohr), Mrs. Sainton, L. Ries, H. Webb, and Piatti. Song, "Name the glad day" (Dusse), Miss Banks. Song, "Divinites du Styx" (Alceste) (Glück), Madame Sainton-Dolby. Sonata Caractéristique, in E flat, Op. 81 (Beethoven), Mr. Charles Hallé (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts).

PART II.—Sonata, in F major, for Pianoforte and Violoncello (Beethoven), Mr. Charles Hallé and Signor Piatti. Song, "Never forget" (G. A. Macfarren), Miss Banks. Song, "In a dream—nighted December" (J. W. Davison), Madame Sainton-Dolby. Trio, in G major, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello (Haydn), M. H. Hallé, Sainton, and Piatti. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. To commence at eight o'clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption.

* Between the last vocal piece and the Quartet, an interval of Five Minutes will be allowed. The Concert will finish not later than half-past ten o'clock.

* Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; CHAPPELL and CO., 80 New Bond Street, and of the principal Musiciansellers.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of THE MUSICAL WORLD is established at the Magazine of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

Terms { Two lines and under ... 2s. 6d.
Every additional 10 words ... 6d.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1862.

THAT we are to have three Italian operas in London this season is beyond a doubt; that we are to have one English opera is not at all likely. Is this a manifestation of musical progress? Is it a sign merely that English music is acceptable when none other is to be had? Is it a proof only that the public has no national feeling on the subject? Unfortunately, the real effect of English opera, represented in the most advantageous light, cannot be tested. Either our artists will not coalesce, or managers are afraid to embark in the expense of securing the best talent. Compare the constitution of our National Opera with that of the Grand Opéra, or Opéra Comique, of Paris. In our opera one or two first-rate singers only are engaged; while in Paris, at either of the national establishments (there are two), all the available talent is secured. The consequence is that both theatres flourish, and both are kept open nearly throughout the entire year. Let us suppose an English manager to have the means or the will to procure the following company of native artists:—*Soprani*—Mesdames Louisa Pyne, Florence Lancia, Lemmens-Sherrington, Parepa and Guerrabella; *Tenors*—Messrs. Sims Reeves, W. Harrison, Swift and Haigh; *Basses*—Messrs. Santley, Weiss, H. Corri, G. Honey, Patey, &c.; *Contraltos*—we say nothing of contraltos, since there is no first-class singer of that register on the stage; but one or two we have no doubt could be enticed from the concert-room. Let us fancy this company established at one of the great theatres, and all bent on aiding in the general completeness of the performance, in place of being absorbed entirely in considerations of self or eaten up with jealousy and spleen. What might be anticipated as the result? A veritable National English Opera—a goal to stimulate young artists in their studies—a legitimate success for the undertaking. In Paris, each of the national theatres we have mentioned engages a double company of singers, from which these benefits accrue;—the principal artists, upon whom falls the chief labour of sustaining the opera, have not their powers and capabilities imperilled by singing every night, and a performance is never postponed in case of the illness of a singer, as another is always prepared to take his place. Do our English managers ever reflect upon these manifest advantages? We fear not; indeed, we are rather inclined to think that they trust too much to providence in their race for fame and for lucre.

In their visit this year to England foreigners will natu-

rally desire to take back to their distant homes a knowledge of what English music is like, and how English composers write. They will naturally take up the *MUSICAL WORLD* or the *Times* to instruct them where the national opera is being performed. On investigation of either of these journals they will ascertain that the *Traviata* is being given at Her Majesty's Theatre, *Rigoletto* at Covent Garden, and the *Trovatore* at Drury Lane. Perchance the *Bohemian Girl* or *Maritana* is being perpetrated at the Surrey Theatre or at the opera in Shoreditch; and seeking in either of these temples of the Muses to obtain some idea of national genius and national enterprise, the strangers will return home with no very exalted impression of English composers, English singers, English orchestras, and English managers.

Is any body to blame for this state of things? Who is to blame for it? We put these interrogatories because we ourselves cannot answer them. Time was when Braham, Sinclair, Kitty Stephens, Mary Paton, and a host of no mean vocal talents were wont to appear in the same opera at Drury Lane or Covent Garden, and the word rivalry was never uttered by the public, nor dreamt of by the critic. Are artists now grown so diffident that they fear to provoke comparison? or have they become so assured of their merits that they would fain convince the public of their superiority by arguments more potent than singing? Let us do our English singers justice. In most instances—excepting, of course, a few of our best vocalists—their education has been so restricted to their art and advancement in their profession, that no opportunity has been afforded them of considering anything without themselves. This eternal rotation of self-communion has naturally engendered great reliance, profound knowledge of their own capabilities, with, in most respects, total ignorance of other's merits; so that it inevitably follows they entertain a thorough conviction of their individual worth, and act upon that conviction irrespective of any ulterior consideration: all which demonstrates that we possess no true school of English vocalisation, and that until we do we cannot expect singers to display those liberal impulses and unselfish acts which should stimulate and govern the disciples of a pure, a noble, and a refining Art.

IT may be remembered that some weeks back a report came from Vienna (which was alluded to and commented on in one of the letters of our Berlin correspondent), to the effect that Herr Richard Wagner's opera of *Tristan und Isolde* would not be brought out at the Imperial Opera (the *Karntnertor*). This report, however, has since elicited a rejoinder from that *preux chevalier de l'Avenir*, Herr Hans von Bülow, in a letter which a spirit of justice prompts us to reproduce in the *MUSICAL WORLD*. After begging the editor of the paper to which it was originally addressed to insert it, Herr Hans von Bülow proceeds as follows:—

"The correspondence in question commences with the news of Herr Wagner's departure for Venice; Herr Wagner is at this moment still in Vienna. As far as regards any pecuniary compensation, either already paid, or to be paid, to the composer by the management, for a forced renunciation on his part, of the performance of his new work, such a thing is, even presumptively, altogether out of the question, since the opera of *Tristan* is definitively accepted. The sole point remaining to be settled is the period of performance. This depends entirely upon the time which may elapse before the management are enabled to secure the services of a tenor, the necessary steps having already been taken. On the occasion of the production of the opera being postponed, in consequence of Herr Ander's continuous indisposition, definite terms were agreed on, between the management of the Imperial Opera House and Herr Richard Wagner, as regards the sum he was to be paid, as well as

regards other details: but Herr Richard Wagner refused the offer of a sum to be paid him on account, in consequence of the production of his work being postponed. It strikes me as being hardly worth while to refute the idle reports circulated respecting the general rehearsal, which, as is well known, was most brilliantly successful, although the unbecoming mention of a patroness of princely rank, as well as the suspicion cast upon the zeal and good feelings of the members of the company, deserve our censure. Herr Ander may have been guilty of inconsiderate and stupid statements in private, but the deplorable state of his health, and his profound anxiety to preserve the remains of his voice ('*Material*'), once so brilliant, demand, on this point, our indulgence. The accuracy of all the above facts is vouched for by the editor's most obedient servant, Hans von Bülow, Royal Prussian Court Pianist."

So, the Viennese will have to listen to *Tristan und Isolde*, after all! And Herr Ander?—we wonder if he can survive Herr Hans von Bülow's cutting allusion to "the remains of his voice once so brilliant?" We for our own parts are not surprised that the unhappy tenor should feel disinclined to sing in Herr Richard Wagner's last *chef-d'œuvre*, which, according to its composer's own confession, excels even *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* in "Futurity." If he does sing in it, there is one thing very certain,—that he will no longer have the "remains" of a once splendid voice; he will possess only the *manes* of "the remains"—the residue of the remainder. Peace then to his *manes*!

A CORRESPONDENT of a theatrical turn of mind is desirous to know whether "Rose Chéri" was the real or the assumed name of the late popular and much regretted French *comédienne*. Well then, her *real* name was not Rose Chéri, but Rose Cizos. Her father and mother, Jean Baptiste Cizos and Juliette Garcin, were, thirty years ago, strolling players, known principally at Etampes and Chartres, but they afterwards travelled much in the southern provinces. Their daughters, Rose and Anna, were brought upon the stage when mere babies. One day, at Périgueux, the celebrated Prefect Romieu, seeing the two girls playing together, exclaimed, "*Quelle jolie paire de Cizos*" (*Ciseaux*)—what a pretty pair of scissors! This official pun had great success, but the father was vexed at it, and ever afterwards took the name of Chéri, which was simply a common term of endearment used towards him by his wife and children. M. Romieu amply indemnified M. Cizos for the liberty taken with his patronymic, by giving him a letter of introduction to Bayar, the dramatist, then in vogue in Paris. This circumstance led to the removal of the family to the capital, and was the foundation of their fortunes.

On April 5, 1842, the favourite piece of *La Jeunesse Orageuse* was in the bills of the Gymnase, and the house was crowded. After the performance of the opening interlude, an unusually long pause ensued, during which the audience became impatient; and at length M. Monval, the manager, came forward to say that Mlle. Nathalie, who was advertised for the principal part, was suddenly taken ill; but that in order that the public might not be disappointed, a young lady, unknown in Paris, had kindly consented, &c., to undertake the character. This announcement was received with murmurs. Presently a beautiful, modest-looking girl, almost a child, came forward, and at once prepossessed the audience in her favour. Her soft, yet penetrating voice, and charming manner gained all hearts as she went on, and at the fall of the curtain she was unanimously called for. "What is your name?" inquired M. Monval, as he prepared to lead her on the stage. "Rose Cizos." "That name will never do," said the manager hurriedly; "the public will laugh at it—give me another." "My father called himself Chéri in the provinces," said the timid *débutante*—and

thereupon the name of Rose Chéri was for the first time proclaimed in that Gymnase Theatre, of which she was ever since the principal ornament.

One morning, in the year 1847, the Cizos family was assembled in its little drawing-room, when Scribe, the great dramatic author, came in with a look of importance, and dressed with scrupulous care. "Good morning, M. Scribe," said Rose, shaking him by the hand; "have you brought me a new part?" "Yes, mademoiselle, I have come to offer you a part which you ought to have had before this." "Ah! what is the catastrophe?" "Wait till you know the beginning;" and then making a bow to M. and Mad. Cizos, M. Scribe formally and solemnly demanded the hand of their eldest daughter for M. Lemoine-Montigny, manager of the Gymnase. The proposal was accepted, but the marriage was put off for two months for the following reason. Mlle. Rose Chéri's dramatic services had been too much needed by her family for them to suspend them even for a short period, and the country priests with whom Cizos had been in contact would not administer the "first communion"—that grand ceremony which must precede a Catholic marriage—so long as the girls were 'on the stage. Monseigneur Affre, the late lamented Archbishop of Paris, took a more liberal view of the dramatic profession in relation to religion, and during two months Rose and Anna Chéri were wont to hurry away from rehearsal to receive religious instruction from the vicar of St. Elizabeth. They subsequently received their first communion in the church of St. Roch, and on May 12th, Rose Chéri was married to M. Lemoine-Montigny, and her sister, Anna, to M. Lesueur, the well-known actor at the Gymnase.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

SIR,—Being at Manchester for a day or two, I was glad to avail myself of the opportunity of attending one of M. Hallé's concerts in the Free-Trade Hall. Luckily the programme on Thursday was one of more than ordinary interest; and as you cannot receive the *Guardian* until too late for your current number, I, as a contributor to the *MUSICAL WORLD* of some years standing (although *tant soit peu* idle of late), claim the privilege of forestalling your hebdomadal extract from that well-conducted sheet.

The Hall was crowded, and no wonder, the sterling nature of the attractions considered. M. Hallé, I was told, had created an orchestra for Manchester. A provincial orchestra! *Rara avis!* Nothing more true. Only the best of London orchestras could have given a more striking performance (a better *read*, or *felt*, I could not have desired) of the magnificent C minor symphony of Beethoven. And, then, it was listened to throughout with an attention that would have done credit to the intelligent music-loving crowds that flock to the Monday Popular Concerts. Equally good was Spohr's fine overture to *Jessonda*, Hector Berlioz's ingenious arrangement of the *Invitation pour la Valse* (Weber), and Auber's graceful prelude to *Le Lac des Fées*, with which the entertainment brilliantly concluded. M. Hallé is a first-rate conductor, as well as a first-rate *trainer*.

For singer there was the clever Mlle. Parepa, who gave "Ocean, thou mighty monster," and the grandest of the two airs of Astiaffante (*Die Zauberflöte*) with splendid energy, besides treating the audience to a ballad of Whittaker's (encored), and Paer's sparkling variations on "La Biondina," so recently "revived" at the Monday Popular Concerts. The old English ballad was welcome in its place, and so were the Italian variations.

For solo-players we had "the pianist of the Monday Popular Concerts," as the *Times* somewhere christened Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Charles Hallé—twin-stars of classical pianism, "Gemini," "Castor and Pollux," or whatever you please. At any rate, in Mozart's superb duet-sonata in D major, for two pianofortes, the great Teutonic "virtuoso," and the young and captivat-

ing English "virtuosa," played together with Marchisio-like unanimity, as if they had been playing together, and doing nothing else, for the last twenty years. I have never listened to a more admirable performance. There must surely have been an electric current incessantly passing from the ten fingers of the lady to the ten fingers of the gentleman. And how thoroughly was the music of Mozart appreciated! Such applause when his two gifted interpreters appeared on the platform! Such attention throughout the entire sonata! And such a burst of delight from the united audience at the end of all! Bravo, old cotton-spinning Manchester! Miss Arabella Goddard (a distinguished favourite here, by the way), had already achieved a triumph in the first part, with Liszt's *fantasia* on the quartet in *Rigoletto*, a more perfect example of dexterous, brilliant, and at the same time elegant manipulation than which I cannot call to mind. The hearers, enraptured with the young performer, whose agile fingers ran like lightning up and down the key-board, summoned her back with acclamations, and would not be satisfied until she had resumed her seat at the instrument. Then she treated them to Mr. Benedict's vigorous and admirable "Erin"—how she plays which I need not inform the readers of the *MUSICAL WORLD*. It was, in short, from first to last, a concert to remember.

XX.

Moseley Arms, Manchester, Jan. 3.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Some difference is still pending between the noble proprietor and Mlle. Sarolta (or M. Bagier) respecting the contemplated arrangements for the season. The difficulty is merely a pecuniary one, and will probably be settled to the satisfaction of lessee and undertaker.

MADAME LIND GOLDSCHMIDT and Mr. SIMS REEVES are agreed upon another tour (of one fortnight's duration) in the country.

MISS KATE RANOE.—The name of Kate Ranoe cannot be unfamiliar to our readers. We had occasion to mention the young lady in no measured terms of approbation, when she appeared as a singer at Jullien's Concerts, and at the Surrey Music Hall. Since then Miss Ranoe has been acting and singing at the Plymouth Theatre, with a success that has reached even the Metropolis. The effect she created as Eily O'Connor in the *Colleen Bawn*, when that ubiquitous drama was produced at Plymouth under the direction of Mr. Newcome, induced the management of the New Adelphi Theatre to engage her, and she accordingly appeared on Saturday week as the heroine of the *Colleen Bawn*, Mrs. Boucicault being prevented from sustaining her original character by indisposition. Miss Ranoe made a decided hit both as actress and singer, and we have no doubt that she is destined before long to take a prominent position among the leading *comédiennes* of the day.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—Mr. George Crawshaw, of Montagu Street, Russell Square, has, in consequence of the embarrassed state of the funds of St. Mark's Hospital, Paddington, placed in the hands of the secretary a cheque for 500*l*. This liberal donation, the largest ever received since the opening of this charity, which, like the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, depends on voluntary contributions for the vast amount of relief afforded, is in acknowledgment of professional services rendered to one of Mr. Crawshaw's domestics, while under the care of Mr. Ure, a surgeon to the hospital. This must be exceedingly gratifying to that gentleman's feelings, for it is too often the case that medical officers get little more than thanks for their very arduous and attentive labours.

EXETER HALL.—At the performance of the *Messiah* by Mr. G. W. Martin's National Choral Society, last Monday, as a tribute to the late Prince Consort, the side galleries and front of the orchestra were draped with black, the base of the organ being festooned in like manner, the sombre colour heightened (or rather deepened) by a narrow white border running round the "sable livery of woe." To the music desks were appended black bows and streamers; all the principal singers and many of the chorus wore deep mourning, while none were entirely without some mark of respect. Add to this a densely crowded audience, almost without exception clad in the same sombre attire, and it must be owned that the general effect was of a depressing character. Although, no doubt, excellent in intention, we question the taste of draping the hall in a manner which would have been appropriate enough before the interment of the Prince, but seemed rather out of date a week after the ceremony. The oratorio was preceded by the "Dead March" in *Saul*

and a portion of the funeral anthem, "When the ear heard him," composed by Handel for Caroline, Queen of George II. The overture to the *Messiah* was omitted, to the disappointment of those who had not read the advertisements in the papers. A printed apology with certificate of Mad. Sainton-Dolby's indisposition was circulated in the room, and to Miss Leffler, who took the place of our most accomplished native contralto at a very short notice, much praise is due for her careful reading of the part, more especially of "He was despised," in which the time was not dragged, as is too often done with a mistaken view to deepening the pathos of this most pathetic of airs. The soprano music was entrusted to Miss Eleonora Wilkinson, whose voice at present has scarcely sufficient power or cultivation for so arduous a task. Of Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Lewis Thomas, it is sufficient to say that they sang as they invariably do, like true artists, producing the customary effect in the best known airs; Mr. T. Harper's trumpet, as usual, sharing the applause bestowed upon the final bass solo. The chorus, as we have previously had occasion to observe, contains many fine and fresh voices, but is yet far more numerous than efficient. Young ladies and gentlemen should be reminded that, although amateurs, they are placed in the orchestra for other purpose than that of eyeing the audience through double-barrelled lorgnettes, and that attention to what is going on is expected of them by the public. We should then be spared such mistakes as occurred at the commencement of "The Lord gave the word," to say nothing of a frequent want of precision, rendering many parts far from satisfactory. That they can do better was evinced by "All we like sheep," and "Hallelujah," the most satisfactory achievements of the evening.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—At the first concert of the sisters Marchisio, on Thursday evening (see another page) the instrumental "lion" was M. Vieuxtemps, whose superb execution of his own *Fantaisie-Caprice*—one of the most original and attractive pieces of which the modern repertory of the violin can boast—created what may be termed, without over-colouring, a "sensation." In addition to the great Belgian *virtuoso* there was M. Lamoury, a violoncellist of more than ordinary ability, who performed a solo by Servais so cleverly, and with so much taste, that the absolute emptiness of the composition he had selected was forgotten. The young pianist, too, M. Arthur Napoléon—who, as a boy, some years since, afforded so much gratification by his performances, and who returns to us, after a lengthened sojourn in the United States, a young man, still full of "promise"—besides joining M. Vieuxtemps in a brilliant duet, played a couple of solos, one by Liszt, a sort of *olla podrida* on airs and fragments of airs from *Norma*, the other a "*Grand Galop de Concert*," by himself. Both were given with remarkable spirit; and after the last, which seemed most to the taste of the audience, M. Napoléon was recalled. Among the other singers was Miss Ellen—we beg pardon, "Mademoiselle Elena"—Conran, who, as Donna Elvira, in a trio from *Don Giovanni*, and in the trying *cavatina* of *Norma* ("Casta Diva") showed herself mistress of a voice of such genuine beauty, and of a talent so incontestable, that she need not have been afraid to own that their happy possessor was a veritable "daughter of Erin." Mr. Swift—a son of Erin, and a worthy one so far as minstrelsy is concerned—afforded an excellent specimen of his capabilities in "Love sounds the alarm," from *Acis and Galatea*, which he delivered with a force and energy that proved how thoroughly he had entered into the spirit of the song—one of Handel's most racy and vigorous. Signor Ciampi, the well-known bass, whose successful *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the character of Don Bartolo, won him subsequent access to the Royal Italian Opera; Mlle. Dario, a lady with a strong "soprano" voice that wants nothing so much as cultivation; Mr. Walter Bolton, "*primo tenore* of the Teatro Reale, Lisbon, and the principal Italian theatres; and Signor Eugenio Coselli, a "bass-barytone," each contributed a solo, as well as joining in the celebrated sestet from *Don Giovanni* ("Sola, sola"), which was not the best performance of the evening. An orchestra, conducted by Signor Vianesi, besides accompanying the vocal music, began the concert with an overture, called "Stabat Mater"—a composition bearing the name of Mercadante, but apparently owing some few of its materials to Rossini. Altogether the concert, in spite of its extreme length and the "miscellaneous" character of the programme, gave evident satisfaction.

Provincial.

THE subjoined is an abridgement of the report which appeared in the *Manchester Guardian*, of Mr. Hallé's last concert in the Free-Trade Hall:—

"Prior to the commencement of the concert, and as a tribute of respect to the memory of the late Prince Consort, the 'Dead March' in *Saul* was performed by the band, followed by the National Anthem, by Mr. Leslie's celebrated choir, which constituted the vocal element of the concert, commencing with an additional stanza by Mr. W. H. Bellamy. The performances of Mr. Leslie's choral body more than confirmed the opinion we have already expressed of them, the acoustical properties of the Free-Trade Hall adding greatly to their power, and rendering more apparent those gradations of light and shade which are the life and soul of part-singing. These qualities were manifested in a marked degree in all the pieces, and it is difficult to select any for special eulogium. Morley's madrigal, 'My bonny lass she smileth,' and Pearsall's part-song, 'O who will o'er the downs so free,' were the two that took most, both being encored, though others—Mendelssohn's setting of the 43rd Psalm, Reay's part-song, 'The dawn of day,' a serenade of Pinsuti's and a glee of Calcott's for example,—well deserved a similar compliment. Beethoven's grand concerto in E flat, for piano and orchestra, was played by Mr. Hallé entirely from memory, and with almost unapproachable excellence. The band accompaniments, too, were admirably rendered. The *andante* from Spohr's symphony *Die Weihe der Töne*, was given to perfection by the orchestra, the flutes, clarinets and bassoons being especially remarkable. The exquisite grace and beauty that Mr. Hallé imparts to the lighter compositions of Chopin, Schubert and Mendelssohn (a selection of one from each master constituting his second solo performance) all who have been accustomed to hear him know full well, and those who have not been so accustomed cannot be informed by any language we can command."

From Manchester we also learn that the annual performance of the *Messiah* on Christmas Day attracted an enormous audience to the Free-Trade Hall. The intelligent critic of the *Manchester Examiner and Times* gives an interesting report, from which we extract the following:—

"Such is the attractive character of the greatest of Handel's great works, that, although announced for performance on two consecutive days, the Free-Trade Hall was densely packed in every part; indeed, it was, perhaps, the largest audience ever gathered on a similar occasion, though Christmas Day has, for the last twenty years, been noted for bringing together vast crowds to listen to the *Messiah*. The 'principals' were Mad. Rudersdorff, Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr. Swift, and Herr Formes. The last not having sung in oratorio here for some years, we were glad to find him in such good voice, and fully equal to the task of giving truthful expression to the bass music of this wonderful oratorio. His singing of 'But who may abide' was as pure in voice and as earnest in feeling as the best musician would desire. 'The trumpet shall sound,' with Mr. Elwood's accompaniment, deserves equal commendation. Miss Huddart won a hearty encore in 'He shall feed His flock'—a compliment to which she is no stranger in Free-Trade Hall. Many of our musical readers will remember Mr. Swift in the farewell operas of Mad. Grisi; few visitors to Manchester have found more favour. This was the first time this gentleman had attempted the music of Handel; and we may congratulate him upon his manner of accomplishing a task of such difficulty—that of singing music new to himself, but familiar to the great proportion of those who heard him. For 'Comfort ye my people,' he received warm applause, and into 'Thy rebuke' and 'Behold, and see,' he threw the same truthful character of expression. It was in the great air of 'Thou shalt break them,' however, that Mr. Swift realised fully all that we had expected from him, and in this there was a true appreciation, as well as a skilful delivery, that could find liberal favour when compared with the best that have gone before him. The band and chorus mustered about 200. 'For unto us,' as usual, met with an encore, and 'All we like sheep' escaped barely a similar honour. The 'Hallelujah' was also very fine, and the great mass of people, rising, was an impressive sight. We must not let Mr. Banks pass without a line of compliment, for he has long shown how thoroughly he is master of his position in the English school of music, among which tradition and our respect for the great composer has placed the noble works of Handel."

A correspondent from Windsor reports an interesting performance of pianoforte music, at the Town Hall, by Mr. W. G. Cousins. The programme was as subjoined:—

"PART I.—Prelude and Fugue in C minor (No. 2 of the 48), S. Bach; 'the Harmonious Blacksmith,' variations by Handel; Grand Sonata in E flat (Op. 31, No. 3), Beethoven; Romance, 'Geneviève,' W. S. Bennett; Song without words (No. 6, Book 5), followed by Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, Mendelssohn.

"PART II.—Two waltzes in D flat and C sharp minor, followed by grand polonaise in A flat, Chopin; Wanderstunden (No. 2), Stephen Heller; Fantaisie-étude, 'Perles d'écume,' Kullak; Grand fantasia (Mose in Egitto), Thalberg."

Mr. Cusins entitled his first part "Classical," and his second part "Modern"—why, considering that Chopin is dead, and Bennett (happily) living, it would be difficult to say. Nevertheless, the performance could not fail to interest, and we are not surprised to hear that Heller's "Wanderstunden," was encored, and that at the end of the concert, the audience requested him to repeat the spirited Fugue of Bach with which it had commenced.

THE FOURTH GESELLSCHAFTS-CONCERT AT COLOGNE.

THE programme of the above concert, which was under the personal direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, comprised the following pieces:—First Part: 1. Concert-Overture, by F. Hiller (new—manuscript); 2. Aria from Handel's *Sampson*, sung by Mad. Offermans van Hove, from the Hague; 3. "Weihnachtslied," for six voices, by Sethus Calvisius (1587); 4. Violin-Concerto, No. 7, by L. Spohr, played by August Kömpel; 5. First finale from Weber's *Euryanthe*.—Second Part: Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

Hiller's new overture consists of a single fiery *allegro*, without any introduction, or other change of *tempo*. It is the effusion of a lively fancy, which is restrained, by the sure musical knowledge of the composer, within the limits of a beautiful form, and moves, with great dash and spirit, in the domain of musical ideas. It was most favourably received by all competent judges and impartial listeners; and is, without a doubt, one of the finest orchestral works Hiller's muse has produced.

For many years, Mad. Offermans van Hove has enjoyed in Holland a wide-spread and well-merited reputation as an artistically accomplished singer. This reputation she has justified here, also, where she appeared for the first time. In Handel's little triller air from *Sampson*, "Mit Klagelaut und Liebesgirren" (with violin *obbligato*), more especially, she proved herself a most accomplished vocalist, educated in an excellent school. Her voice, which is of considerable compass, and very pleasing in the upper notes, is distinguished for the freshness of its quality, ringing through everything else in the Ninth Symphony. Indeed, her singing of the entire soprano solo part in this work, convinced every one she was a thorough musician.

The "Weihnachtslied" of the celebrated and learned old musician, astrologer and chronologist, Sethus Kalwitz (1556—1615) of Thuringia, was given a *capella* by the chorus very purely and gracefully.

August Kömpel, who has been accustomed to such brilliant ovations at his concerts in Holland, carried away here, also, the audience, though the latter were not very much inclined to applaud on this particular evening. His execution of Spohr's seventh Violin-Concerto was admirable, and elicited signs of the most hearty approbation, besides procuring for him the honour of being called on.

The pleasing finale from *Euryanthe* did not produce the effect which it never fails to produce on the stage. The reason of this is to be sought in the character of the composition itself, and not in the manner in which it was executed. The solos were entrusted to Mad. Offermans, who, however, did not sing the part of *Euryanthe* with the same excellence that she sang Handel's air; to Mlle. Adele Assmann, of Bremen, a pupil of the Conservatory here; to a very good musical amateur (tenor), from Crefeld, and to Herr Karl Bergstein, of Aix-la-Chapelle, who rendered the part of Lysitrus, as well as, subsequently, the difficult bass part in the finale of the Ninth Symphony, with a degree of expression, which stamped him as a thorough master of his art.

The insertion of the Ninth Symphony in the programme was a mark of respect to the birthday of Beethoven, namely, the 17th

December. It was played in splendid style, the execution of the first *allegro*, the *scherzo* and the *finale* being especially good.—*From the Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.*

THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL HYMN.—"Some months have elapsed since the day appointed for the opening of the manuscripts sent in to the Committee upon a National Hymn, and impatience is manifesting itself, in many quarters, for the announcement of the expected award. Aside from any interest which the public at large may take in the subject, the great number of the competitors—only a few short of twelve hundred—makes it inevitable that there are thousands of eager expectants sitting upon the anxious seat in this regard. For it can hardly be that each competitor has less than a dozen friends who are solicitous for his success. We have hitherto thought it worth our while to inform ourselves as far as possible upon the subject, and we learn that the Committee are upon the verge of the conclusion of their labours. They have not yet, however, decided upon making an award; and we remind our readers, that in their advertised conditions of competition, they expressly stipulated that they were not to give the prize to the best hymn sent in; but that they should reject all, whatever their intrinsic merits, if they found none exactly suited to the purpose. Their mode of proceeding, we understand, has been this:—The manuscripts containing words alone were first opened, the music being laid aside for separate consideration. The verses were then read by the member who opened the envelope containing them. If they were condemned at once by a nearly unanimous voice, they were cast into a waste-basket ready at hand; if not, they were reserved for future consideration. But, by a waste-basket, must not be understood any of those wicker concavities, known to ordinary mortals by that name. A vast washing-basket—a "buck-basket," big enough to hold Falstaff himself—was made the temporary tomb of these extinguished hopes; and this receptacle was filled, it is said, five times with rejected manuscripts, which were seized upon for incendiary purposes by the cooks of the gentlemen at whose houses the meetings of the Committee took place. Alas for the hapless writers! Were even the priceless manuscript plays of the Shakspearian age that Warburton's cook purloined and used to put under pies so lamented as those remorselessly incriminated hymns will be? The mass of these manuscripts, we are informed, were either the merest commonplace, or absolutely neither rhyme nor reason. From the whole collection only about thirty were reserved as worthy of a second reading, and these, on a second and third examination, were reduced about one half. Several were also preserved on account of their absurdity or grotesqueness. They were so bad as to be good.

"The hymns sent in with music were about three hundred in number. To enable them fairly to judge of the merits of these, the Committee called in competent musical aid, and after a winnowing of the heap over the pianoforte, the residuum, found worthy of a more particular hearing, were sung. This second examination left less than twenty compositions in the hands of the Committee. We hear that among the rejected musical manuscripts were very many that were evidently sent in by persons who were ignorant of the very first principles of harmony, and who to their ignorance added utter lack of native musical capacity. It has been stated that the Committee called in two eminent musicians to pass judgment, as experts, upon the compositions sent in to them. But we are informed that this report is not correct, and that judgment upon the merits of contributions has, in all cases, remained entirely with the Committee, among whom are gentlemen of well-known musical taste and cultivation. But even with their stock thus reduced the Committee hesitated about their decision; and, finally, determined to call the public to their aid. It is to the public heart and to the general ear that the words and music of the hoped-for hymn are to be addressed; and, therefore, it appears to us that this determination is a wise one. It is to be carried into effect by the performance of the songs, now in the hands of the Committee, at concerts in New York and Brooklyn, in which soloists, a chorus, and an orchestra, will test in the most satisfactory manner the fitness of these hymns for national purposes. The names of the authors and composers will be withheld; and, indeed, they are yet entirely unknown to the members of the Committee themselves. It is not, we believe, intended that the question shall be decided by the amount of applause elicited by this or that hymn; but that the manner in which the performance affects the public shall enter largely into the considerations by which the final judgment of the Committee is effected. The plan is at least an ingenious one, and the concerts, which are to be given at a low price of admission, though in the most creditable style, will doubtless excite a very general interest."—*N. Y. Daily Times.*

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We have said that the remarkable qualities of this book are the author's freedom from conventional trammels, the strong sense of his opinions, and the novelty yet evident soundness of his precepts; and this we will show by quoting, unconnectedly, a few passages which cannot fail to strike every reader.

"Voices are too often ruined by giving pupils difficult songs, in order to gratify their vanity or that of their friends, before they have acquired the power of sustaining the voice, throughout its natural extent, with a firm and clear intonation. When it is recollected that it has taken years of application and study to enable professional singers to execute properly the songs we are accustomed to hear attempted by almost every young lady who is requested to sing in a drawing-room, the absurdity of the prevailing system becomes self-evident.

"I strenuously advise all who wish to sing not to defer the commencement of this study, as is generally the case, till the pupil arrives at the age of 17 or 18, by which time young ladies ought to be good singers, but to commence early, at about 13 or 14 years of age, and resisting the gratification of singing a number of songs for the amusement of their friends (the word may be taken in more senses than one), to devote sufficient time to what may be termed the drudgery of singing, so as to enable them to acquire the power of sustaining the voice, easily to themselves and agreeably to the air.

"Many young ladies now-a-days speak habitually in a feigned voice. Here lies the greatest difficulty in teaching, or practising singing; for should neither the pupil nor master know the *real* tone of the voice, the more earnestly they work together the sooner the voice deteriorates. In my experience I have found this difficulty most easily overcome by making the pupil read any sentence in a deep tone, as though in earnest conversation, beginning two or three notes below what they consider their lowest notes; but, as the lower and richer tones of the voice are generally objectionable to young singers, all of whom are ambitious to sing high, it requires much firmness and some coaxing on the part of the master to get the pupil to submit to this exercise. I cannot advise too strongly the greatest attention to the free and natural development of the lower tones of the voice: it is to the stability of the voice what a deep foundation is to the building of a house.

"In conclusion, I must add a few words on a subject of great importance to the pupil who makes singing a study. I mean the spirit in which instruction is received. Every emotion of the mind affects the voice immediately; therefore it is of the utmost importance that the pupil should receive the lesson with the mind entirely unpreoccupied by other matters, and in a perfect spirit of willing submission to the teacher's corrections, however frequent, and however unimportant they may appear; for it is simply by the constant correction of *little* things that beauty of intonation and elegance of singing are obtained."—*Daily News.*

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